No. 90

The REDEMPTION of Marie Gordon

THE TRAGIC STORY OF WRONGED WOMANHOOD

Price 10¢

As he listened to the ugly tale she told, he surmised foul play. He more than suspected that Arthur Vernon had been the prime mover in this disgraceful affair.

R. of M. C., No. 90.

Copyright 1926 by
THE NIELEN PUBLISHING CO.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

"WHAT CAN be the object of her visit to me?" Alice mused. A bitter smile crossed her face as she thought of the words in her husband's letter. According to them Miss Wynne was to have been married soon.

"I will be down in a few minutes," she said turning to the still waiting Jackson.

Hazel in the meantime was in a ferment of excitement. The frantic beating of her heart sounded like a drum in her ears, and her face went crimson and white by turns.

She wondered vaguely how he would receive her now.

With a stifled exclamation she rose from her seat when she heard footsteps approaching.

The door was opened hurriedly and the next moment she found herself standing face to face with his wife, Alice.

Hazel hid her disappointment behind a forced smile. She took the outstretched hand of Mrs. Ames mechanically, scarcely hearing the words she spoke.

"This is indeed a surprise, Miss Wynne," Alice said pleasantly enough. "I hardly hoped to see you again after leaving us so suddenly some time ago. No doubt you have come for the salary still due you. I believe Mr. Ames told me that he failed to settle with you, owing to your abrupt leaving."

"You misconstrue the purpose of my visit," Hazel replied with an effort. "I could not accept money for the service which I rendered you. I came to effect a settlement between your husband and myself."

As she spoke her eyes met those of Alice very bravely.

"Will you be kind enough to inform him of my presence here?" she continued after a slight pause.

"I am very sorry to say that Mr. Ames has left this house some days ago. He is not here now," Alice answered in a faltering voice.

Hazel was dumbfounded. Was it possible that this woman before her was deliberately lying in an effort to keep her from meeting her husband?

"But I must see him, Mrs. Ames," she cried with quivering lips. "It is a matter of extreme importance to me. If he is not here, I hope you will be kind enough to inform me where I can find him."

Alice shook her head slowly while a mocking smile played about her lips.

"Mr. Ames' whereabouts is unknown to me, Miss Wynne," she said with a decision that left no room for further doubt or argument. "To be perfectly frank with you, I have not the least interest in his movements since we have separated."

Hazel stared at her rival with an incredulous expression in her eyes.

"You—you have separated?" she panted.

"Yes," was the instant reply. "I should be glad to assist you if it were in my power, Miss Wynne, but I am afraid I am not in a position to do so."

Alice spoke with a note of sympathy in her voice, but her eyes belied her words.

"I cannot understand why you should seek an interview with the man who made a plaything of you," she went on brutally. "The fact that he never cared a snap of his finger for you is obvious."

A sudden flash in Hazel's eyes caused her to stop.

A few moments of awkward silence ensued. Hazel was apparently fighting hard to master her emotion, while a wave of hot indignation swept over her.

"You have no right to say these things to me,"

she said at last in a voice which betrayed the deep wound in her heart. "He did love me, that I know, and all the whole world and you could not tear that conviction from my heart.

"The belief that we were separated through the treachery of his secretary, is gaining ground; but I surely would give much to know in whose employ he was and who paid him for being the chief actor in a most vile intrigue."

While she spoke their eyes met.

Those of Hazel were unwavering, while Alice's sought the floor in evident confusion.

Hazel read guilt in the face of her rival. Her heart swelled with joy as the suspicion that her husband had not left her of his own volition, filled her breast.

She felt instinctively that the woman before her had been responsible for all her misery and mental suffering.

The mystery was beginning to unravel itself. She saw an expression of cold defiance in Alice's face which dealt the death blow to her hope of securing any further information from her.

"If this is all you have to say, Miss Wynne, we will terminate this interview," Alice said icily.

Hazel could not misconstrue this remark. It was a polite invitation for her to leave. Raised to her full height, she swept from the room.

Alice watched her with an expression of malice and open hatred in her eyes.

When at last she had disappeared from view, a harsh unpleasant laugh came from her lips.

She was about to go back to her boudoir when Jackson met her in the hall with a card on a silver tray.

"A gentleman to see you, madam," he said with respect.

Alice took the card and gazed at the name. Her face turned white, and with trembling lips she read the words:

J. C. SPANGLER

Detective

Chapter 300

YOUNG LOVERS

RUSSEL SHERWOOD had succeeded in fleeing with the two ladies to a place of safety. He was rather curious to know what had induced them to enter a tavern which served as a meeting place for the criminal element of Naples.

The young girl seemed anxious to relate their experience, and in a voice still trembling from excitment, she introduced herself as Miss Ella Talmadge, and the elderly lady as her mother, before beginning her story.

She related that her mother had been very tired from the long walk up the mountain, and that owing to her tired feeling they had hailed a passing taxi.

The driver, a suspicious looking character, had upon their inquiry for a restaurant, driven them to this tavern.

In broken English he had assured them that the place was respectable and the kitchen good.

Upon entering the place they had found themselves in a large room which was filled by rough-looking men.

Their hasty retreat had been cut off by the driver who placed himself in front of the door.

One of the men had seized Ella Talmadge and attempted to pull her away from her mother.

She had fought frantically to release herself, but the man succeeded in taking her purse in the struggle.

At last she succeeded in reaching a side door and began to scream loudly for help.

It was at this juncture that Russel Sherwood had

appeared upon the scene and rescued her and her poor mother.

The young man listened to their fervent expressions of thanks silently. His handsome face flushed, and he felt ill at ease.

"I shall never forget what you have done for us, Mr. Sherwood," the elder lady was saying. "This is our second experience of that nature. It seems that an unprotected woman is in constant danger of being attacked and insulted."

Russel tried to calm Mrs. Talmadge by assuring her that Naples was a safe place, but warned her against trusting herself to a cab driver when on the outskirts of the city.

In the course of conversation he learned that Mrs. Talmadge and her daughter were from New York. Upon his recommendation the ladies agreed to make their future stay at the Hotel Bristol.

He explained that this was one of the best hotels in Naples, and that the man at the head of this hotel was an Englishman, who did everything in his power to insure the comfort and safety of his patrons.

He told them also that he was quartered at this hotel with his father.

Mrs. Talmadge and her lovely young daughter seemed anxious to remain near a man upon whose protection they could rely at any moment.

They agreed eagerly to have their luggage transfered to the Hotel Bristol.

This was done immediately, and Russel Sherwood left them after assuring them that he would be pleased to serve them in any capacity in the future.

Almost a week had passed since this incident. They did not meet again because Russel did not wish to intrude himself upon his new friends unless they desired

his company.

The Talmadges had made the acquaintance of a number of other guests.

Their stay at Naples was rendered very pleasant since they were constantly surrounded by eager cavaliers who were anxious to render them a service.

The Hotel Bristol was one of the best arranged in the city. The guests enjoyed a splendid view over the bay from its windows.

Owing to the beautiful and balmy climate its spacious dining rooms had been built upon an open esplanade.

There the diners sat among the flowers and palm trees. A splendid Italian orchestra played popular as well as classic music of all nations.

Even American jazz greeted the ears of the Yankee traveler from time to time.

Mrs. Talmadge and her daughter began to feel perfectly at home at the Hotel Bristol.

One of the most ardent admirers of pretty Ella Talmadge was a young Frenchman, who called himself Count Ravaignac.

He had wormed his way with remarkable quickness into the affection of Mama Talmadge.

She had been very favorably impressed with the gallant Frenchman who never missed an opportunity to make their stay at Naples more pleasant.

She could not understand why Ella persisted in treating him so cold.

In her estimation he was a splendid match for her daughter. The title of Countess Ravaignac sounded most pleasant to her ears.

To day the French count was seated as usual between mother and daughter on the broad veranda.

He was narrating some experience of his, to which Mama Talmadge listened with rapt attention. Ella's face

wore a bored expression, however.

She absolutely refused to believe the stories concerning his wealth and estate in France.

His studied politeness failed to gain her approbation since she regarded it only as a mask to hide a sinister character.

To her he looked like a typical adventurer — a fortune hunter. No doubt he had been well informed as to the Talmadge millions.

It galled her to see her mother treat this man as if he were a king, or some other person of importance. She had been blinded by his frequent compliments, and she encouraged him openly.

Suddenly Ella's face lit up. A sweet smile lurked around the corners of her delicate mouth when she saw two gentlemen approach.

In one of them she recognized her American friend Russel Sherwood. The other was apparently an older brother, or his father, perhaps.

Her smile disappeared suddenly when she saw them stop short some distance away and take a seat.

Her disappointment was evidenced by a frown. It seemed that the clouds would not leave her white brow.

Ella Talmadge had been correct in her surmise. The elder gentleman with Russel Sherwood was his father, and the reason they did not approach them was Count Ravaignac.

Russel disliked the Frenchman cordially, not because he feared that he might succeed in pilfering Ella's heart, but because her mother had allowed herself to be taken in by the smooth-tongued adventurer.

He had seen very little of his American friends since their arrival at the Hotel Bristol. The reason for this again was Count Ravaignac.

Yet, in spite of this ever present Frenchman, he

had met the young girl upon a few occasions.

Her charming manner and sweet, encouraging smile had caused his heart to swell with hope.

The dark passionate face of Alice had been suddenly crowded out of his mind by the fair, pure countenance of this angelic young girl.

The past was dead—forgotten, and a golden future had unfolded itself before his eyes.

As he sat there listening to the strains of a waltz, his gaze fell upon the little group not far away.

He saw Count Ravaignac lean forward eagerly and whisper a few words to Ella Talmadge.

Instantly her face clouded up and an angry flush crept into her cheeks. To Allan Sherwood, encouraged by a smile of approval from Mrs. Talmadge, moved closer to Ella, Russel's fingers itched to be at the throat of Count Ravaignac.

It pleased him immensely to see the young girl rise suddenly from her chair with an expression of indignance on her lovely face.

Mama Talmadge's efforts to pacify her militant daughter were evidently unavailing. Ella would not resume her seat at the side of the count.

At last her mother rose and together the two ladies walked toward the hotel entrance.

As they passed Russel Sherwood Ella's annoyance seemed to vanish, and that same sweet smile crept into her face as her eyes met those of the young American.

When the Talmadges entered their private apartment a moment later, Ella's mother flew into a black rage. Her daughter had deliberately created a scene before the very eyes of many guests.

"Your conduct is most unbecoming, Ella," she began at last, her voice trembling with anger. "You have wantonly insulted Count Ravaignac. If he is dis-

tasteful to you, you might at least treat him civil."

"I simply cannot bear the man, mother," Ella replied with a frown. "If you would not constantly encourage him, he might escape my snubbing him so openly."

"You are a most foolish girl, Ella," Mrs. Talmadge protested. "Most American girls would consider it an honor to be courted by a young scion of the French nobility.

"Think of the social prestige it would give you to be known as the Countess Ravaignac. Why you would be the rage and the leader of New York's smart set.

The young girl laughed loudly at her mother's earnestness. This was far more than she had expected to hear from her.

"If that is what you are aiming at, mother, we might as well understand each other," she said still laughing. "I would not marry this French fop if he was a king. He is positively repulsive to me."

Mrs. Talmadge was horror struck.

"Why, Ella, I am surprised at you!" she almost shrieked. "I hope that you will remember that you are still under age and that my opinion in this matter must not be disregarded."

The young girl looked wondering at her mother. She refused to lose her temper, and in a calm voice replied:

"If you insist upon having a French Count in our family, I suggest that you marry him yourself. You are a widow, and I am sure I will not object."

At this Mama Talmadge sank into a near-by chair, and covering her face with her hands, began to weep violently.

Ella made no effort to quiet her mother. She allowed her to weep unmolested.

Similar outbursts of this kind had made her callous. She began to undress slowly and prepared to go to bed.

Nothing more was said that evening regarding the matter. Mama Talmadge soon followed her daughter's example and in a few minutes the light in the room was extinguished.

Both women pretended to be asleep, when in truth they lay there with wide open eyes, lost in deep thought.

Ella's thought were all of her dashing and gallant American rescuer. Since she had met him her heart was no longer her own.

She looked into the future with hopeful eyes, and without the least regret that she had publicly snubbed Count Ravaignac.

A determined expression was on Mrs. Talmadge's face as she stared at the ray of light which came through the open window.

The policy she meant to adopt would be one of patient waiting, and persistence, if it became necessary.

Chapter 301

BOWED IN SORROW.

AMEKEEPER ALLEN was seated at the table, his gray head bowed with grief and sorrow. The supper was still untouched. It seemed that his life had been robbed of its pleasure and charm since his only child, Cora, was gone.

His younger sister had come to keep house for him. She was a pleasant-faced maiden lady of fifty, who tried very hard to make him forget at least some of his trouble.

Her incessant chatter fell upon deaf ears, for her brother's thoughts were all of his unhappy child.

At last she rose and, going to his side, said in a low, sympathetic voice:

"You are doing wrong to give way to this constant grief, brother. Every cloud has its silver lining, and I know that happier days are in store for you."

The old man looked up in a dazed sort of way, while a bitter smile crossed his face.

"I thank you for your encouraging words, Mary," he replied with a sob, "but I shall not know another happy hour until my poor child has been permanently restored to me."

"She will be restored to you, brother," the sister contined. "If you persist in carrying on this way, you will never live to see her return to you sound in health and mind. You have not eaten a single bite for several days.

"Why, if Cora was to enter through that door this

minute she would scarcely recognize you." Then suddenly lowering her voice, she said in a confidential tone:

"I have never believed that Cora lost her mind on account of that shooting affray. I am of the opinion that she was put out of the way for some hidden reason. I think that if Mrs. Ames was only willing to tell the truth——"

"For heaven's sake hush, Mary," the brother exclaimed, rising from his seat excitedly. "You surely don't know what you are saying. Mrs. Ames is a noble-hearted woman who has spent a small fortune in an effort to bring about Cora's cure."

Mary was about to make a reply when someone knocked on the door.

The face of the old man had gone strangely white. With a warning sigh to his sister he crossed the room slowly.

"Come in," he said in a trembling voice.

The door was pushed open slowly and the honest face of Jackson became visible.

"Good evening, Allen," he faltered confusedly.

"Why, Jackson, I am glad to see you. Have a seat."

The old servant took the proffered seat. His eyes traveled from the gamekeeper to his sister. It seemed that he was ill at ease.

Allen was not slow in noticing the visitor's evident embarrassment.

He guessed rightly when he thought that Jackson wanted to be alone with him, and turning to his sister, he said:

"Mary, will you leave the room for a few minutes. Jackson and I would like to be alone for just a little while."

The request was superfluous since his sister was already on her way.

She closed the door softly behind her and the two old friends were left by themselves.

"What is the matter, Jackson? Has anything important happened at the villa?" the gamekeeper asked presently.

"My master, Mr. Ames—he has gone," Jackson stammered.

"Yes, I know that," Allen replied. "He has gone on a two weeks' trip, if I was informed correctly."

"He has gone for good," the old valet said, wiping a tear from his eyes.

"Gone for good?" the other gasped.

"Yes."

A few minutes of intense silence folowed. It now seemed that both men had been crushed by the awful and terrible news.

"Then something must have happened at the villa to bring this about," Gamekeeper Allen ventured.

"Yes, something did happen," Jackson answered in a voice choked with tears. "I know I can trust you with the story—and I surely must tell it to someone who will understand."

"Of course, you can trust me, old friend," the other assured him. "Tell me all."

"It happened a few nights ago. I was lying awake in my room with my window open," Jackson began, "it must have been close on to midnight when I suddenly heard loud angry voices.

"I rose quickly and walked over to the window. I had no desire to be eavesdropping, and I would have closed the window then and there and walked away had it not been for the fact that I recognized one of the voices as that of my master.

"A moment later I heard the voice of Mrs. Ames rise in angry protest. Then a third voice, the voice of a man, a stranger, spoke pleadingly. He seemed to be defending Mrs. Ames' conduct.

"I do not remember their loud argument word for word, but my suspicion was confirmed when suddenly a strange and very handsome young man emerged from the door of the little summer house.

"He was tall and well built. He paused for a moment and looked at the clear sky with the bright moonlight upon his pale face. Then with a sigh he hurried away.

"Mrs. Ames had been guilty of meeting this man alone at the summer house. He was her lover.

"After a few minutes of silence I saw Mr. Ames come out, followed by Mrs. Ames. Neither spoke another word until they had reached her boudoir.

"What transpired there I do not know, but I could hear the voice of my master. It sounded like an angry peal of thunder in the distance, indistinct, yet menacing.

"Then the sudden slam of a door and all was silent. Imagine my surprise when my master came to my room at an early hour, begging me to help him pack his personal belongings. His face was very white and set.

"He told me in a few words that he was leaving the villa and would not return. After thanking me for my long years of faithful service he left."

Jackson had finished his story while Gamekeeper Allen listened in breathless silence. He could scarcely believe his ears.

Was it possible that this woman had deliberately entered into improper relations with this young and handsome stranger?

"You — you are quite sure that you heard all aright?" he faltered at last.

"Yes, absolutely," Jackson assured him.

"Then if this is true, there might have been some ground for those other rumors which have been afloat for some time," Allen said in a strange voice.

"What other rumors?" the other asked.

"Those concerning Mrs. Ames and Earl Cortland —and Larry Coleman." The old gamekeeper spoke with an effort, because the thought which suddenly rushed across his mind threatened to overwhelm him.

This story of Jackson meant more to him than his old friend could comprehend.

It meant that the words of his unfortunate child had been the truth after all, and that she had been perfectly sane when she made those assertions for which Mrs. Ames had proclaimed her mentally unbalanced.

He rose excitedly and began to pace the room while Jackson sat there, in awed silence, watching him wonderingly.

"Tell me one thing, Jackson," he said at length, and standing directly in front of his friend. "What is you candid opinion of this Mrs. Ames?"

Jackson did not answer immediately.

He appeared to be in deep thought, or else he was weighing the words he was about to say carefully.

When at last he spoke his voice was very grave.

"I have never trusted her completely," he said, "and what I have seen or heard of her since she became the wife of my master only confirmed my suspicion that she is a woman without honor or a soul."

"My God, man!" Allen gasped, "why have you never told me of this before. I thought her to be a generous and noble-hearted woman. If what you say is true, she had some very good reason for insisting that my unhappy child be sent to a private sanitarium.

"Ah, I see it all now," he continued vehemently.

"there was something between her and Cortland which she wanted to hide. She had good reason to fear him, and consequently sought his life. Larry Coleman never fired the shot which killed him.

"My daughter accidently found a letter which had been written by Cortland. She learned some things which Mrs. Ames sought to hide from her husband and from the world.

"When Cora confronted her with the truth, she declared her insane; and I, fool that I was, believed her lying tongue."

He walked rapidly up and down the room, wringing his hands silently.

The horrible truth of it all had come to him like a flash. It utterly overwhelmed him.

"But—but what is to be done?" Jackson faltered timidly.

"What is to be done?" the irate father thundered "I shall go at once to this sanitarium and demand the instant release of my daughter. If my request is refused, I shall seek the aid of the police and law.

"I will leave no stone unturned until this woman is brought to justice. I will speak, and Larry Coleman must speak! He knows far more than he has been willing to tell. My poor child will come back to me, thank God —thank God."

Jackson rose at last. His face was very pale, and he seemed to be too overawed to speak again.

He looked into the future with frightened eyes, and would have disuaded his friend from taking the steps he had contemplated, but the overwhelming conviction that Mrs. Ames was guilty and that justice must be done, sealed his lips.

When he left Gamekeeper Allen's house he went directly to his own room. His only prayer was that his

master would be restored to him.

The following morning saw an unusual activity in the modest little home of the gamekeeper.

He had risen at an early hour, and with the help of his sister made hurried preparations to carry out his purpose.

Chapter 302

A SHATTERED IDOL

HE STATE penitentiary of Pennsylvania, which is located at Harrisburg, stands some distance from the city proper. Its huge buildings are surrounded by many tall trees, and the spacious grounds are kept in splendid condition by a few trusted prisoners.

It seemed that the privilege of being allowed to mow the lawn and water the many flowers gave these unfortunate men immense pleasure.

They listened with bowed heads to the singing of the birds in the trees.

They were permitted to bask in the beautiful sunshine, while the other prisoners were compelled to work day after day in the shops.

It is in the brush manufacturing plant that we find our unfortunate friend, Larry Coleman.

Since the commutation of his death sentence to life imprisonment, he had been kept in solitary confinement for a number of weeks.

This was the most frightful punishment they could have inflicted upon him. He was a man who had been used to an outdoor life and loved nature.

When he found himself in a small cell, which was only very poorly lighted, he grew silent and morose.

For hours he sat silently watching and waiting for a ray of sunshine to come through the narrow slit in the wall.

He wept bitter tears as the songs of the happy birds came to him indistinct from the distance.

He suffered thus for two long weeks and at last his life became unbearable.

He would far rather have died, it would at least be an end to his misery. Now he was virtually buried alive.

After repeated pleading with the guard, he was allowed to make a petition to the prison warden. He wanted work.

With tears in his eyes he begged for a ray of sunshine and a sight of the beautiful green of nature.

At last the warden was moved by his plea. Coleman was put to work making brushes.

He felt like a new man as he sat at the window, with his rapt gaze upon the green lawn and the many colored flowers.

He heard the birds sing their happy songs, and it seemed to soften his heart.

He worked diligently while he listened, and slowly the hard expression began to leave his face.

For the past week his mind had become filled with certain doubts and fears.

It was hard for him to acknowledge the fact that the woman for whom he had sacrified himself had forsaken him.

His infatuation for her had cooled somewhat since he had ample time for reflection.

The thought that she perhaps had used him as a tool to further her own selfish plans was frought with unpleasant sensations.

He struggled valiantly to down the awful suspicions which rose repeatedly in his bosom. What if they were true?

What if her smiles an kisses had only been bestowed upon him to win him for her cause?

Larry Coleman realized that he must banish these

unpleasant thoughts and suspicions from his mind, or else he would go mad.

The innocent, tear-stained face of Cora Allen rose before him. With a sigh that was more like a sob. he closed his eyes as if he wanted to shut out a vision which added new tortures to his aching heart.

There was an expression of infinite yearning in his eyes as he gazed at the blue sky through the heavily barred window.

He turned with a startled look on his pale face, when one of the guards touched him on the shoulder.

"There is someone to see you, Coleman," he said with a smile.

"Someone to see me?" he faltered while the color mounted into his cheeks.

"Yes. Come with me."

Larry followed the guard with unsteady steps. He had been taken by surprise. There was not the least doubt in his mind but what this unexpected visitor was Alice. He smiled at the thought of seeing her again.

He showed his disappointment plainly, when, as he entered the waiting-room, he found himself face to face with the old gamekeeper.

"Hello, Larry!" Cora's father cried eagerly, then stopped short while a pained expression crept into his eyes. "You — you are not glad to see me. Will you not take my hand?"

Coleman took the outstretched hand reluctantly.

"How are you, Mr. Allen," he said rather gruffly.

Slowly his roving eyes wandered upward and became fastened upon his visitor's face.

There was something in the eyes of the old man which caused his heart to soften instantly. The usual kind look was missing and left his face hard and drawn.

"You are not looking very well, Mr. Allen," he

stammered.

Gamekeeper Allen stood before him trembling from head to foot, fighting desperately to keep back the tears. Larry Coleman felt a gripping sensation about his heart.

"What is the matter," he cried at last, "has anything happened?"

"Yes—Cora——" Here the old man broke down and wept bitterly.

"For God's sake, speak! What has happened to Cora?" Larry was losing his own self-control. He rose hastily and rushed to the side of Mr. Allen and shook him by the shoulders.

"Cora has lost her mind," the gamekeeper said at last in a low, quivering voice.

"Cora lost her mind," the young man gasped as he stared wild-eyed at her father.

"Yes," the old man replied, drying his tears. "After your arrest she found a letter, which, according to her statement, proved your innocence. She went at once to Mrs. Ames and showed her this letter, which she took and destroyed immediately.

"The letter had been written by Cortland. It seemed that it revealed her former relations with him with a threat to expose her if she did not pay him the amount of hush money he asked."

While he spoke Allen watched the young man's face closely. He saw it suddenly turn deadly white, and he had to hold on to the table for support.

Without waiting for a reply from Coleman he went on and told of Alice's latest escapade, how her husband had caught her with her lover at midnight in the little summer house in the garden.

He ended by telling him of his suspicions that Cora had been declared insane, and that she had been

confined in a sanitarium by Mrs. Ames, to keep her from revealing facts which served to incriminate her.

What transpired within Larry Coleman's soul during the next five minutes which followed would be hard to guess.

He did not say another word, but waited until the old man had gone, then he informed the guard that he must see the prison warden at once.

Chapter 303

THE WORK OF FATE

HAZEL'S disappointment after her fruitless trip to the Ames villa was bitter indeed. Her mind was in a state of turmoil, while her heart was torn with many conflicting emotions as she turned the situation over and over in her distorted mind.

She was completely discouraged when at last she arrived home.

The cheering words of her dear friend, Mrs. Kingsley, failed to have the usual soothing effect. With the tears streaming down her cheeks, she locked herself in her room.

It was some time before she was again able to think clearly. Amid all her misery the comforting thought, that her husband had not deliberately left her, was uppermost in her mind.

She had learned this from the lips of Mrs. Ames. It was true, then, that he had never ceased to love her. This made her heavy load more bearable.

When she appeared the following morning at the breakfast table, Hazel seemed to be in a more cheerful frame of mind.

She spoke freely of her plans for the future, and of the necessity of securing another position since her finances had suffered badly during a long period of idleness.

With an eager glance she perused the want columns of the morning paper, and made a note of a number of addresses where female help was wanted.

With the cheerful words of Mrs. Kingsley still ringing in her ears, she walked rapidly toward the business district of the city.

Her face had lost the look of despondency as she made her first application for a position.

The manager of the department store informed her smilingly that the position had already been filled, but insisted upon taking her name and address.

"There might be another vacancy in a few weeks," he declared.

At the next place she met with the same answer.

"Just employed a young lady, sorry."

Hazel did not seem to mind this at all. She was beginning to look upon the sunny side of life.

So after three solid hours of constant walking, she returned home without having found a much desired position.

She was a trifle disappointed, but not discouraged. As she made her way slowly toward Brinton St., she passed a number of large office buildings.

In front of one of them she spied a furniture wagon filled with new office furniture.

Half against her will, she stopped and watched the unloading of the wagon. Three husky men were carrying a heavy desk up one flight of stairs to the next floor.

As she looked up she noticed a man busy on the inside of the second story window.

He had just finished a sign in gild letters, which read:

R. A. CHATFIELD
Attorney at Law

All the way home that name was in her mind.

"R. A. Chatfield," she said to herself again and again. Try as she would, she could not forget it.

Even in her dreams that night she found herself standing on the sidewalk looking up at the gilded letters on the second floor window.

It filled her mind the next morning when she awoke. Had Hazel been a superstitious woman, she would surely have attached some significance to this peculiar fact.

For the following two weeks Hazel was tireless in her efforts to find a much needed position. It seemed that fate was against her.

Today being Sunday, she was forced to remain idle. With a bitter smile on her lovely face, she took out her purse and began to count her meager fortune.

Unless Hazel found a position in the near future, she would be facing a financial crisis. She had just sufficient money to pay for another two weeks board.

With a weary sigh she dressed to take a walk. When she had nearly finished, someone knocked on the door.

"May I come in, Hazel?" a pleasant voice asked pleadingly.

Hazel opened the door quicky. Her early visitor was Hedwig Roth, one of the boarders who had taken a great liking to her.

Hedwig Roth was one of the few women, who, after having been dragged into the gutter by the false promises of a heartless scoundrel, had the courage to face the world and begin life anew.

The wound in her heart was healing rapidly, because she had learned to loathe and despise the man who had been responsible for her downfall.

Turning her back to her bitter disappointment, she fought to regain her self-respect. Hedwig had suc-

ceeded beyond her fondest expectation.

She not only won back her own self-respect but also that of those about her.

Mrs. Kingsley and Hazel had succeeded beyond their fondest hopes in making her see the bright side of life. They nursed her until she had recovered her strength, which earned them the boundless gratitude of the unfortunate woman.

Herwig Roth, once more in the possession of her health, tried to forget her past.

Being an accomplished woman, she experienced little difficulty in finding a suitable position. Having become deeply attached to Hazel and Mrs. Kingsley, she had no desire to leave them again.

Mrs. Kingsley gave her the room next to Hazel's, and the friendship of these two was being cemented by almost daily heart to heart chats.

When Hazel opened the door Hedwig Roth came bouncing into the room, fully dressed.

She looked very pretty in her simple white frock. Her eyes sparkled while the color was coming back to her cheeks.

"We are going to enjoy a day's recreation, Hazel," she cried gaily, "and Mrs. Kingsley and I want you to go with us."

Hazel was taken by surprise. She would have been pleased to go but her almost empty purse would not allow it.

"You will come, won't you?" Hedwig pleaded earnestly, when Hazel did not answer at once.

After a few moments of silence Hazel said with a note of disappointment in her voice:

"I would like to go very much, dear; but I really cannot afford it. You know, I have been spending my little fortune in a most reckless fashion——"

"I won't hear another word," Hedwig said, cutting her off abruptly. "I am well supplied with money. Come with me."

Hazel was visibly embarrassed. Her face colored up swiftly. She was still undecided, and was about to refuse, when her friend's arm stole around her neck.

"You — you are not going to disappoint me, Hazel?" Hedwig coaxed, her voice choked with tears. "I owe you more than I can ever repay. I want you to be my guest to-day."

With an impulsive gesture Hazel folded her friend in her arms. She did not offer any further objections, but hurriedly got herself ready. They went downstairs together where Mrs. Kingsley was already awaiting them.

Another lady boarder, a Miss Westphal, joined them, and they made a jolly party of four as they sallied forth in quest of pleasure and recreation.

Mrs. Kingsley suggested that they go to Fairmount Park, which was immediately seconded by all the others.

Fairmount Park, which is situated in West Philadelphia, across the Schuylkill river, is one of the most beautiful parks in the country.

It is nearly as large as Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, which is conceded to be the largest park in America.

There is a splendid collection of animals in the Zoological Garden, which is open every day in the year to all visitors free.

Then there are amusement devicese of every description for children and adults.

During the summer months thousands of families from the tenement district can be seen traveling toward Fairmount Park to spend their Sundays and holidays.

A day spent in this park always means great pleasure for the children, and physical rest and mental relaxation for the grown-ups.

Mrs. Kingsley and Hedwig Roth had assumed charge of all arrangements. They carried baskets filled with lunch, and their happy laughter soon dispelled the gloom which had taken possession of Hazel.

It was indeed a merry party that sat on the soft green grass and listened to the music of the distant band, while eating their lunch.

Hazel had taken the Sunday paper with her, and as soon as she found herself alone for a few moments, began to peruse the want columns. She read every advertisement carefully.

Finally she closed the paper with a weary sigh. There was not a thing which suited her.

Involuntarily she unfolded the sheets for the second time. She wanted to make quite sure that she had not overlooked anything.

Suddenly an exclamation of surprise escaped her lips as she read the following item:

> Wanted refined young lady for office work. Must be able to operate typewriter. R. A. CHATFIELD, Attorney. 2 Wanamaker Building.

Hazel showed the advertisement to Mrs. Kingsley, who agreed at once that this was the position for her, especially since it was only a short distance from her home on Brinton Street.

Hedwig Roth and Miss Westphal made very effort to chase that serious expression from Hazel's face, but it seemed impossible.

For the rest of the day she remained thoughtful and in a preoccupied mood. Her thoughts were of to-morrow, and what it would bring to her.

When evening came at last, everyone was tired and ready to go home.

After thanking Hedwig Roth and Mrs. Kingsley for their kindness, Hazel sought her room. With her mind filled with thoughts of to-morrow, she fell asleep.

The next morning she awoke early and after dressing with unusual care, she hurried downstairs. It seemed that her appetite was entirely gone, for she could not eat a bite.

In her anxietey to be the first applicant at the office of the attorney, she hastily swallowed a little coffee. She left the house with the words of cheer from Mrs. Kingsley ringing in her ears.

It was not quite eight o'clock when she reached the office of R. A. Chatfield. A young man informed her politely that Mr. Chatfield would arrive in about thirty minutes.

Hazel waited patiently with her eyes roving about the extremely neat and clean office. There was a glass door marked "Private," which led to another room.

Suddenly the telephone bell rang. It was Mr. Chatfield.

He informed the young man in charge during his absence, that he would not be at his office until about noon.

The clerk was just about to hang up the receiver, when the voice over the telephone informed him that he had found a competent young woman, and to inform all other applicants that the position had been filled.

The young clerk told Hazel and insisted upon her leaving her name and address.

Continued in next number

Interpret Your Dreams Yourself!

Mehemet Ali's

Oriental Dream Book

The Most Complete Dream Book Published

Each Dream has its Significance

This Book Tells You What It Is

THE MYSTERIES OF THE FUTURE REVEALED

EGYPT, the ancient home of dreams and wonders, the oldest land of culture and science, the land where Joseph interpreted Pharao's dreams, is also the home or birth-place of our work, where it was written by the ancients many centuries ago. It went through the hands of many powerful rulers of Egypt, till it came into the possession of Mehemet Ali, the famous warrior, who made use of it during the time of his successful reign.

This book not only solves all dreams but contains as an appendix the celebrated

BISMARCK'S WHEEL OF FORTUNE, or: ANSWERS OF DESTINY

The old manuscript of the "Wheel of Fortune," as stated by competent authorities, is to be found in the private cabinet of Count Bismarck and some believe that the great success of Bismarck is owing to his consultation of the "Wheel of Fortune"; but of this we have no positive proofs except his successful deeds, which made him one of the greatest men of the century.

THE MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT CONTAINS:

The art of Fortune Telling by Physiognomy, Phrenology, Astrology, also by Cards, Dominoes, Dice, Tea and Coffee Grounds, Fingers, etc., Talismans, Charms, Signs.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

The lucky numbers drawing prizes in Lotteries, at Prize Entertainments, etc., also a list of Dreams, with three lucky numbers attached, list of names for ladies and gentlemen and list of letters, each with three lucky numbers attached, also a list of lucky and unlucky days for males and females, making practically four books in one.

PRICE 35 CENTS

Agents can make large sales and earn good profits. Very easy to sell. Enclose amount in postage stamps and secure sample copy.
You can order Dream Book from person delivering this book or we send same well packed, by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

BARCLAY & CO.

P. O. Box 847
CINCINNATI, O.

Printed in U. S. A.